



# THE POET'S MAGAZINE.

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## LONGFELLOW'S "MASQUE OF PANDORA, AND OTHER POEMS."

It is the function of the art critic we are told, in the first place to have the quickness of insight, and breadth of sympathy that will enable him to form a sound and appreciative judgment on the works that come under his notice, and in the second place, having formed such a judgment to be able to explain the grounds of it clearly to others. The latter part of his function is, however, often very difficult indeed; for in the case of works of art as in the case of the individuals we meet in every-day life, we cannot help at times forming impressions, likings or dislikings, which seem natural enough to ourselves, but for which we find it very hard to give our reasons.

Some such reflections, I think, will be suggested to most people who, having read Longfellow's poem, the *Masque of Pandora*, set themselves to give an opinion on it. It wants something—but what? That is more difficult to answer; but if I were to fix on any one quality wanting to it, I should say that quality is *finish*. Now, the perfect finish that a work of art may have received, is either of two kinds. One kind, undoubtedly the highest, is such as can only be given by the rapid, final and unerring touch of supreme genius, self-dependent, a law to itself, asking for no authority beyond itself. The other is such as comes from slow patient and brooding elaboration that moulds and remoulds with critical watchfulness. The former is such as we find in great creative epochs like that of Shakespeare, of Dante, or Michael Angelo. The latter is such as we expect, or rather have to content ourselves with in an age like the present.

We live, as we are tired of hearing, in an intensely self-conscious age—an age whose artistic achievements bear the stamp of cultivated intelligence, rather than genius. Whenever the life of a great poet, painter, musical composer, or novelist of our own day is laid open to us, we find that its success has been mainly the result of patient untiring activity. Not that this has not been the case at all times, but that now-a-day, it is so more than ever it has been. In the field of poetry, for instance, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, Gabriel Rossetti, and Matthew Arnold are all of them accomplished scholars, and at the same time most careful workers; and as it might be expected, they have increased the tendency of which they themselves are the most prominent results. The consequence has been an exaggerated worship of form and method. Having ceased to expect that great things will be said or done, we have come to look less to the message itself, that the poet or painter has to convey to us, and more to the manner in which it is conveyed; such creations as the soliloquy of Hamlet or the mad ravings of Lear, divine utterances of genius at white heat, that any after-moulding would mar, we must not look for. But in their place we require that when

Mr. Tennyson, for instance, undertakes to give us the poetical history of a girl's college, or Mr. Rossetti to tell us the story of "Jenny" the

"Poor handful of bright spring water  
Flung in the whirlpool's shrieking face."

the manner in which it is done should be faultless.

To return then to Longfellow. Much as we admire him, grateful as we are to him for such poems as *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* that come back to many of us with the perfume of youth about them, we cannot admit that his genius is of that high order, which speaks once and for ever, as it is given to it to speak. He has himself, undoubtedly, recognised this fact long ago, to judge from the delivery and perfect polish of his earlier poems. Their finish belongs to the lower, self-conscious and patient kind. Unfortunately, however, for some reason, similar care has not been bestowed on the *Masque of Pandora*, and judged by the test of such workmanship as we have on this side of the Atlantic, it must be found wanting. As to form for instance, there is a manifest straining after an imitation of the Greek models in the shape of some of the dialogues, but the imitation has gone no further. All through, the tone is an anachronism. Behind the supernatural beings we never lose sight of the poet of the nineteenth century. Witness for instance the following self-conscious piece of platitude whereby the splendid self-reliance of the Titan struggling against the immortal Gods, than which the Mythology of Greece has nothing more magnificent, is intended to be conveyed :

"I have within myself  
All that my heart desires : the ideal beauty,  
Which the creative faculty of mind  
Fashions and follows in a thousand shapes  
More lovely than the real."

Many of the speeches, moreover, are such as without surprise, we might hear from the mouths of the characters in a modern



comedy. When Pandora for instance, comes to the mansion of Epimetheus, she has nothing more striking to say than :

“O let me stay.

How beautiful are all things round about me,  
Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls !”

And when afterwards Epimetheus invites her into the garden where the nightingales may teach him how to woo her, her answer is such as any young lady in a modern drawing-room might make to a young gentleman of remarkable powers of flirtation,

“Thou dost not need a teacher,”

Here and there undoubtedly are fine passages—so fine as to make us lament the more their fewness. There is a certain sublimity for instance in the following, from the first speech of Prometheus :

“The stars begin to fade,  
And all the heavens are full of prophecies,  
And evil auguries. Blood-red last night  
I saw great Kronos rise ; the crescent moon  
Sank through the mist as if it were the scythe  
His parricidal hand had flung far down  
The western steeps.”

The description of the Titan in his tower on Caucasus, put into the mouth of Pandora is also very fine :

“Motionless, passionless, companionless,  
He sits there muttering in his beard. His voice  
Is like a river flowing underground.”

There is much pathos, too, in the farewell of Hermes, though the beauty of the passage is marred by the inappropriateness of the third line to the “Fire Stealer,” whose crime was, not that he disbelieved, but that believing he rebelled :



"We leave thee to thy vacant dreams, and all  
The silence and the solitude of thought,  
The endless bitterness of unbelief,  
The loneliness of existence without love."

As might be expected in a masque the lyric element has a large share of space and importance assigned to it, but it is open to the same accusation as the body of the poem. The following passage, however, from the chorus beginning "Centuries old are the mountains," is in the poet's best style:

"Thunder and tempest of wind  
Their trumpets blow in the vastness;  
Phantoms of mist and rain,  
Cloud and the shadow of cloud  
Pass and repass by the gates  
Of their inaccessible fastness;  
Ever unmoved they stand,  
Solemn, eternal, and proud."

But the great opportunity that the subject affords for the display of lyric power has been completely missed. It is thus that the evils brought upon the world by the act of Pandora are shadowed forth:

"Fever of the heart and brain,  
Sorrow, pestilence and pain,  
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,  
All the evils that hereafter  
Shall afflict and vex mankind,  
All into the air have risen  
From the chambers of their prison;  
Only hope remains behind!"

One cannot help comparing, with the feebleness of this, the force with which the author of *Atalanta in Calydon* sets forth the misery arising for men out of the birth of Aphrodite:

"Thou should'st not so have been born;  
But death should have risen with thee,

Mother, and visible fear,  
 Grief, and the wringing of hands,  
 And noise of many that mourn ;  
 The smitten bosom, the knee  
 Bowed, and in each man's ear  
 A cry as of perishing lands,  
 A moan as of people in prison,  
 A tumult of infinite griefs ;  
 And thunder of storm on the sands,  
 And wailing of waves on the shore."

Fortunately, however, the *Masque of Pandora* occupies only 60 out of the 152 pages in the volume now before us. Some, indeed, of the poems that follow it are feeble and might well have been omitted, but with many of them we are agreeably disappointed. They bear witness that the delicacy and subtle charm that we have hitherto found in Longfellow's poetry is still at his command. Here and there we light on exquisite little bits that instinctively remind us of some of the finest interpretative passages of *Evangeline*. Take the following stanzas, for instance, from the poem on *Cadenabbia*, one of the series of what he calls the fourth flight of *The Birds of Passage*:

Silent and slow by tower and town  
 The freighted barges come and go,  
 Their pendant shadows gliding down  
 By tower and town submerged below.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet vision do not fade away,  
 Linger until my heart shall take  
 Into itself the summer day  
 And all the beauty of the lake!"

Or this from the poem that follows on *Monte Cassino*:

"The day was dying, and with feeble hands  
 Caressed the mountain tops; the vales between  
 Darkened; the river in the meadow lands  
 Sheathed itself as a sword and was not seen."

Perhaps since the death of Wordsworth no lines have been written that display so well as these what he meant by the function of the imagination in poetry, namely the power it possesses of giving new shapes to the images the mind receives through the senses, whereby the poet conveys to us by a few words a more intimate sense of things than the man of science can by the minutest analysis. Wordsworth's description of the waterfall as "frozen by the distance," and of the cuckoo which he calls "a wandering voice," and Shakespeare's famous description of the samphire-gatherer on the cliff at Dover will suggest themselves as parallel examples.

Before leaving the *Birds of Passage*, I may remark that one of them is a noble tribute to the memory of Charles Sumner. Some of its stanzas breathe the spirit of that higher kind of Comtism, of which at this side of the English speaking world George Eliot is the great exponent. As—

"Alike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives!"

Of the book of sonnets at the end of the volume, I should wish to have more space to speak; nearly every one of them has some beauties, but scarcely one is perfect. Take the following for instance, on "a summer's day:"

"The sun is set and in his latest beams  
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,  
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled  
The falling mantle of the prophet seems;  
From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams,  
The street lamps of the ocean, and behold  
O'erhead the banners of the night unfold:  
The day has passed into the land of dreams.  
O! summer day beside the joyous sea!  
O! summer day so wonderful and white,  
So full of gladness and so full of pain!"



For ever and for ever shalt thou be,  
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,  
To some, the landmark of a new domain!"

Here is a beautiful sonnet marred by one line. Surely since Mr. Disraeli spoke of the hansom as "the Gondola of London," no more ridiculous comparison has been made than that of the lighthouses along a coast to street-lamps. But the six closing lines are perhaps the finest thing in the volume. They have that ring of the "never more" about them that belongs to all true pathos. Even their very vagueness is an exquisite stroke of art, for who does not know the vagueness of the sentiment they intend to describe—what our own poet has so well expressed as the divine despair at the heart when we look at the "happy autumn fields."

On the whole, though we must regret that the *Masque of Pandora* should have been placed in the hands of the public in its present condition, we cannot but be grateful for many of the other poems that the volume contains.

P. H. HERBERT.

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### GOD AND RIGHT.

No foemen shall our land invade,  
Nor thrust its glory in the shade,  
    Tho' swift their deadly darts;  
Our grand old standard shall not fall,  
We'll form a living breathing wall,  
    And shield it with our hearts.

When battle rages fierce and loud,  
We'll fight for glory or a shroud,  
    And Britain's noble Queen;  
We'll win triumphant laurels now,  
And clasp more gems upon her brow,  
    Rejoicing in their sheen.

We'll make the daring foemen feel,  
By temper of the British steel,  
    That England's in her prime;  
They'll find Britannia's sons as brave,  
As when her victories swept the wave  
    In famous olden time.

Invaders shall not reach our doors,  
We'll hurl them from our rocky shores,  
    And teach them what is might;  
We'll shield the cradle of the sea:  
Our war-cry is—will ever be,  
    "On, on for God and Right"!

E. BROCK-HOLLINSHEAD.

"THE THREE PRAYERS."

The day was ended—the sky was bright,  
The wind's low whispers filled the night,  
And heaven's portals were opened wide  
While angels waited on either side;  
Waited to carry in pitying love  
The prayers of earth to the throne above.

The wooing whispers of childhood came  
Lispings in faith the glorified Name,  
And wails of sorrow and plaints of woe,  
And prayers by doubt tossed to and fro  
With pleadings wild, and broken cries  
Floated up to the starlit skies,  
So weighted with wrong, and shame and sin,  
The angels trembled to take them in.

The prayers were ended—the sleeping earth  
Lay calmly waiting a new day's birth;  
But still the angels lingering kept  
Their patient watch while mortals slept,  
For the golden gates must never close  
While life has sin, and the world has woes.

Then through the silence that wrapped the night,  
And shrouded dusk of failing light,  
A faint cry floated in pleading pain  
From earth and heaven's bright gates again;  
The angels looked where the pleader knelt,  
And all her sorrows saw and felt,  
And upward and on to the golden throne  
They carried her prayer and laid it down;  
She asked not love, nor gain nor wealth,  
Nor gifts of life—unfailing health,  
Nor selfish joy, nor tireless bliss,  
Nor hope fulfilled, or granted wish,  
One gift she sought, and pleaded there  
In humble faith and earnest prayer

Give me! Oh God, who givest all  
Of good, or ill, or joy, or woe,  
The sacred fire that *genius* lights  
To glorify the world below;  
Let me but prove its mighty power,  
And pour rich veins of burning thought



Into such eloquence and truth,  
With vivid light of fancy fraught,  
That men may wonder as they hear,  
And wondering—reverence and fear!

Ere morn had flushed the eastern sky,  
An angel left the throne on high,  
And down to earth ere it awoke,  
And through its trance of slumber broke;  
He floated in a cloud of mist  
To grant the maiden what she wished,  
In humble home of little worth  
This gift new-granted had its birth,  
The angel touched the sleeping maid,  
And left the gift for which she prayed;  
With genius mighty, rich and great,  
Her soul with vivid joy elate,  
The maiden woke to conscious power  
And fame and genius were her dower.

Years rolled away through days of change,  
And spread through many a wider range  
Of joys and sorrows, woe and war,  
And still the angels watched afar  
While night and day petitions came  
In hope and fear, in trust, in pain;  
For all earth's troubles seem the same,  
And gifts of good to soul and mind,  
Still leave some discontent behind;  
Then once again in trembling fear,  
Pleading the name men hold so dear,  
A prayer arises to heaven's gates,  
And seeking entrance—hopes and waits.

Father! my heart is frail and weak,  
And genius I no longer seek,  
The warmest praise I win is dross,  
My richest gain, my deepest loss—

Oh, give me love to still my heart,  
Of life its purest holiest part ;  
Take genius back—my nature craves  
The love that purifies and saves :  
Such love be mine—I seek no more,  
For worldly joys or fame in store.  
The barren fields I long have trod  
Like mirage in the desert sent,  
Have led me far away from God,  
And left me wearied, sad and spent ;  
I am deep-weigh'd with heaviness,  
Why should I toil, and toil alone,  
Has life no rest for weariness,  
That I must weep, and sigh and moan,  
From sadness unto suffering thrown !

Again that prayer was heard in heaven,  
Again was gracious answer given,  
And woman's noblest crown of honour,  
God's angels came and set upon her.

With wedded bliss, with mother-love,  
Such joys as seem foretaste of heaven—  
So now her life sped swiftly by  
From rosy morn to golden even.  
But as the ripened seasons die  
Into some dim futurity,  
And dawns that flush the pearly sky  
Must fade in night's obscurity,  
So dreams of bliss however bright  
Have morns of joy that set in night,  
And darker hours whose shadows seem  
Like mist-wreaths veiling all between.  
Such shadows stole upon her joy,  
Dimming its gold with grief's alloy,  
And slowly creeping fold on fold,  
Like evil vapours chill and cold,

Lay on her heart with freezing fear,  
And chanted slowly, "Death is near."

Death! Ah, the horror of that name!  
With every day it nearer came;  
She saw her child's face, wan and white,  
Fading and passing from her sight;  
The baby-fingers' waxen touch  
No longer closed around her own;  
The smile that gladdened her loving eyes  
Faded into the angels' home.  
On golden curls that loosely frame  
The marble brow so pure of sin,  
On lids that seal the violet orbs  
And hide the dying light within,  
The stricken mother gazes now,  
And from her broken heart's despair  
Faith has no voice, and hope no power  
To change her wailing into prayer.

Of sweets of fame, of praise and gain,  
Of love long craved and turned to pain,  
Of all the joys that earth can give  
To those who for such blessings live,  
Of passion-sated bliss that seemed  
The very heaven of which she dreamed,  
The maiden's life was now bereft,  
And in its desolation left.  
She had no thought that He who grants  
Our selfish prayers, our many wants,  
Can turn them, for a purpose wise,  
To blessing under grief's disguise.  
She only nursed her lonely pain,  
She only heard that one sad strain  
That echoed through her lonely heart,  
And forced her from her child to part.  
Dark shadows closed around her life,



And filled its days with ceaseless strife ;  
While from their home in Paradise  
The angels gazed with pitying eyes.  
“ Can granted prayers such sorrow bring ?  
Can love become a sinful thing ? ”  
Thus to their golden harps they sing.

Alas ! Earth's joys are but dreams at best  
Of something nobler than life's unrest,  
Some bliss for which men vainly weep,  
Some hope they grasp yet may not keep ;  
And through their wanderings here and there  
They read these warnings everywhere ;  
And souls that blindly yearn for good,  
Yet cannot find it when they would,  
Her granted prayers to sorrow turned,  
And deepest peace in sorrow learned.  
So, vexed spirits, sleep in dust,  
And God's hereafter take in trust.

Long years had passed—again one night,  
Through sky of sapphire, clouds of white,  
And golden stars that flashed and flamed,  
Whene'er the sunset flushes waned,  
The angel-guards their vigil kept,  
While shadow-shrouded nature slept.

O'er dew-steeped grass and folded rose  
Breathed but the passionless repose  
Of closing day, and silvered even  
Pure as the star-crowned brow of heaven ;  
And through the crystal silence came  
A voice the angels knew again,  
And piercing through the hazy veil  
Of vapour mists and cloudlets pale,  
Pleaded its agony of pain.

The angels gazed on a kneeling form,  
A woman weary, bruised by life's storm,  
Of fame and wealth she had now no thought,  
Or joy or love, that she once had sought.  
"Two prayers thou hast answered, God of love,"  
So her voice ascends to the throne above  
"To-night I would offer a humbler one,  
Teach me to say, *Thy will be done!*"  
And the woman rises, her heart at rest,  
Sorrow has taught her which prayer is best.

RITA.

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A TORRENT OF TEARS.

The angels in Heaven are weeping,  
And wringing their snow-white hands,  
A sound as of grieving and wailing  
Is borne from the silent lands.

Creation itself is bemoaning  
That loving—we yet must part,  
For in life there is no such sorrow  
As that of a breaking heart.  
And the clouds in their ceaseless weeping  
Have flooded the world with woe,  
The sunshine is lost in the shadows  
That flickering come and go.

The heaven born tears in their falling  
Tarnished the gold of my hair,  
And robbed my pale cheeks of the roses  
That bloomed when the days were fair.

My eyes have lost all their sweet azure  
That once shone so clear and bright,  
As the blue skies of early morning  
Fade in the greyness of night.  
But the Torrent of Tears in mercy  
Has brought with it healing balm,  
And has changed all my fierce rebellings  
To a peaceful, child-like calm.

I take up the Cross God has sent me,  
To bear through the barren years,  
My spirit is soothed by the message  
Borne in that Torrent of Tears.

EMMA SARA JEFFARES.

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### ROSES AND LILIES.

What! Roses and Lilies! Thank you dear,  
You mean the offering well;  
But their fragrant bloom to my memory brings,  
More sorrow than I can tell.  
The years that have come and gone since then,  
Have mellowed the bitter pain;  
But I never see roses and lilies twine,  
Without living it o'er again.

'Twas the night of my birthday ball, Kate,  
A summer night sweet as now;  
And I longed for a breath of the cool pure air,  
To sweep o'er my fevered brow.



So I stole away in the moonlight,  
And stood on the mossy slope ;  
That night saw the end of my long cherished dream,  
And the death of my dearest hope.

They had danced the last waltz together,  
Blanch Vere, and the man I loved ;  
The idol I shrined in my innermost soul,  
Whose faith I thought I had proved.  
But that fatal night gave me a rival,  
Whose beauty and syren art  
Won from me for ever the man that I loved,  
With each throb of my bursting heart.

When the dance was over, he led her  
Away from the crowded room,  
With his handsome head bending low down to hers,  
So radiant in youthful bloom.  
I watched him stoop and gather a rose,  
From her braids of shining hair ;  
And press with a lover's first passionate kiss,  
The sweet lips so divinely fair.

My raven locks wore a diadem  
Of lilies, spotless and sweet ;  
But the blossoms drooped as the night wore away,  
And one bud fell at his feet.  
Like my poor heart, it was crushed and died,  
While in beauty bloomed the rose,  
So my girlhood's sorrowful story comes back,  
Like dead hopes from the grave's repose.

G. E. DISTIN.

## MEN OF BRITAIN.

Ye Englishmen arise,  
For danger nears your doors!  
Go shield the homes ye prize,  
And guard Old Albion's shores.

Let not the jealous foe  
Traduce fair Britain's fame,  
Nor bring her people woe  
To glory in her shame.

Our foe is boasting loud  
While brandishing his spear,  
And tells the gaping crowd,  
With mooking laugh and jeer—

That "Britain's 'hearts of oak'  
Are rotted and decayed;  
Her pluck a passing joke,  
Her glory in the shade!"

Up! up! and let him feel  
The British oak is sound,  
Nor yet is found the steel  
To fell it to the ground.

Then let her banner wave  
Triumphant o'er the sea,  
For British hearts are brave  
To keep Britannia free.

E. BROCK-HOLLINSHEAD.

## TRIED BY FIRE.

Worthless, useless, are the golden wheat-ears,  
Ripening under autum's genial ray ;  
Till the flail has done its work among them,  
And the chaff has all been threshed away.

Gold must in the fire be put to trial,  
By its burning heat be purified,  
For its value will lie hid for ever,  
If the fiery test be not applied.

Sad mysterious law, thou passest upwards,  
From the lowest ranks of lifeless things,  
Staying not till over earth's great spirits  
Clear and stern thy solemn mandate rings.

All around us in life's daily progress,  
Silent working of this law we see ;  
Hearts half-broken by the flail and furnace,  
Of the cleansing power that sets them free.

What else is the bitter disappointment,  
When on youth's strong life there falls a blow ;  
Shattering all the visions of the future,  
Laying all its ardent purpose low ?

What else too the load of many winters,  
Years prolonged beyond the age of man ;  
Friends departed, powers slowly failing,  
Growing helpless, as when life began ?

What the life which stands apart from others,  
In their joys forbidden to take share,  
Bearing all alone the heat and burden,  
Silent with the early weight of care ?



Thus alone shall man return to Eden,  
 Through the cleansing purgatorial flame,  
 From the ruin of a fall'n creation,  
 To that perfect state from which he came.

M. A.

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### COMPENSATION.

If what you profess you believe, and would prove both the how  
 and the why;  
 If the blessing of God you'd receive on all you accomplish or try;  
 If to neither your spirit would lean—a spirit upright and sincere—  
 The formalist's vapid routine, or the infidel's withering sneer;  
 If instinctive to good be your heart when evil surroundings  
 prevent,  
 And well you'd accomplish your part though circumstance balks  
 the intent;  
 If the good path your spirit would choose be blocked by  
 impediment strong,  
 And the evil you fain would refuse prevails as you journey along;  
 If your purpose be straight and direct, but rugged and crooked  
 the way,  
 And the means you would loathing reject alone be the means  
 which would pay;  
 'Tis not for the worm of a day to strive with omnipotent will;  
 'Tis not for a vessel of clay to mock the artificer's skill;  
 'Tis not for a man to repine, indulging an imbecile fuss,  
 Or ask of his Maker Divine, "Why hast thou fashioned me thus?"  
 Untoward events will befall in a course as infinity long,  
 Conditions are mutable all, but life is eternal and strong.  
 The check which opposes the will is a Providence misunderstood:  
 And things which are working us ill are working together for  
 good.

Each wrong will turn into a right, to a blessing each petty annoy,  
And weeping endure for a night, but the dawn be resplendent  
with joy.

There's a spirit directing the blind, of the light of his reason  
bereft,

And the path he is certain to find, though he turn to the right  
or the left ;

Though the staff which supports may give pain when sometimes  
'tis used as a rod,

'Tis of comfort the loss and the gain, for he cannot escape from  
his God.

OUTIS.

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## SIR GALAHAD.

### A STUDY FROM 'TENNYSON.'

"All armed I ride whate'er betide,  
Until I find the holy Grail."

#### I.

I ride in glittering arms arrayed

From morning's dawn to evening cool,

O'er lonely heath, through forest glade,

By eddying brook and shady pool :

When autumn showers its leafy gold,

When roads are white with crackling snow,

When bees flirt o'er the hazy wold,

When Easter flow'rets blow.

The summer heat I may not shun,

Nor shrink before the wintry hail,

Till all my quest and warfare done,

I gaze upon the holy Grail.

## II.

The sun-rise o'er the misty fells  
Smiles on me through the clouds of morn,  
The cock's shrill crow my welcome tells  
And speeds me on my way forlorn;  
And sweet at eve the vesper hymn  
Floating around some convent grey,  
Upraised within the chapel dim  
Where consecrated maidens pray,  
Is wafted towards me on the breeze.  
I listen, and before mine eyes  
Are seen the bowers of joy and peace,  
The golden hills of Paradise.

## III.

In the high lists, when trumpets sound,  
And knights for feats of arms are met,  
When steeds impatient paw the ground,  
Men view me on my charger set:  
Hark to the blast! in fierce career  
The lines of glittering horsemen close.  
From shattered brand and splintered spear  
A ringing clangour goes.  
The red sparks fly! the dust leaps high!  
And answers to the charger's neigh,  
The conquering shout, the wounded's cry  
Above the reeling fray:  
And when has passed the doubtful fight,  
With outstretched arms and radiant eyes,  
The fairest greets the victor Knight,  
And crowns him with the jewelled prize.



IV.

I never bowed to mortal love,  
 No maiden's hand shall wreath my head;  
 I seek alone the joys above,  
 Nor will I sheath my trusty blade,  
 Red with the blood of slaughtered foes  
 Flashing to guard the meek from wrong,  
 Till in my hand the chalice glows,  
 Till ended is the battle long,  
 Till o'er the hills heaven's dawn shines clear,  
 And crowned beside my Lord, I see  
 The bride He won with thorns and spear  
 In the dread lists of Calvary.

R. F. Jupp.

"HAPPINESS."

*From the French.*

Real happiness I've often sought  
 As if it dwelt apart  
 From us, instead of which, I find,  
 It dwells but in the heart.  
 By its vain shadows oft can joy  
 Our foolish hearts deceive;  
 Happy is he who feels it most,  
 And feeling can believe.  
 Pleasure consists alone in hope;  
 Quaff not too fast away  
 The draught, nor e'er anticipate  
 The joy of any day.

AGNES ROUS HOWELL.

## THE UNRETURNING DOVE.

“Go forth sweet Dove, o’er the waters wide,  
And tell is there land beyond the sea,”  
So spake in her sorrow a weary child,  
As the gentle bird from her hand soared free.  
It was but an hour,—her tears were dried;  
Though if land there were it was undiscerned:  
With smiles and with kisses satisfied,  
She asked not the Dove, “Why so soon returned?”

Again, when earth’s noonday sun was high,  
She sent forth the Dove in after years;  
Wearily seeking with straining eye,  
A shore o’er the tidal mark of tears.  
That the Olive of Peace can rise above  
The flood, said the sign by the journey earned;  
Though whether there be a Land of Love,  
Nothing was said by the Dove returned.

But while the waters beneath our bark,  
More fiercely roll as in seething pain;  
While day decays, and the solemn dark  
Comes on—we send her in search again.  
And now though the shadows enclose us around,  
By sighs unechoed, and kindness spurned,  
We know that the land at length is found,  
Because no more has the Dove returned.

E. S. G. S.

## TWO DAYS IN A LIFE.

It is a sunny May Morning.

I lie on my back underneath the old pink thorn, in the copse beyond our garden. In all my childish joys or sorrows I used to come here to be alone, and I do so still.

My hands are idly clasped at the back of my head, and I am watching the fleecy summer clouds drift—drift—one by one across the blue bit of heaven that is visible through the thick tangle of branches above me.

The fresh wind wafts down to me the sweet scent of the hawthorn. Around me a multitude of birds are carolling; and just above a thrush sways to and fro on a flower-laden bough; singing with all his might. I can see the sun glistening on his breast and quivering throat, and turning his speckled feathers golden.

How beautiful everything is—how happy!

And I? Am I not the happiest of all—do I not hold clasped in my hand Eugene's letter? the dear letter that tells me he is coming back?

My Eugene! Coming back to-morrow—Can I realize it?

I have read the letter at least twenty times since Martin, our old postman, brought it from the village, and I read it over again now. How I love his odd Frenchified English—for Eugene's mother was a Frenchwoman, and Eugene himself has lived always in the sunny south until about a year ago. We have been engaged a short two months, Eugene and I, but only a few days of that time have we had together, for Eugene was obliged to return to France. But now he is coming—coming! and I am so happy.

I begin to sing aloud in my very excess of happiness, like the speckled thrush above me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just such another day as yesterday.

The same wind scattering the pink hawthorn bloom, the same



scent from the shattered flowers, the same thrush singing—singing—ceaselessly, noisily singing. Will he never stop?

I lie on the grass again, but this time my face is buried in my hands, and hot, burning tears force their way through my fingers, and fall upon Eugene's letter, which lies on the grass before me. I look up no longer at the floating clouds above me, I listen no more to the birds songs.

A dark cloud has come between me and sunshine for evermore.

I have been lying here I do not know how long; every moment seems to me a year of pain since my mother read me that telegram which told me that the ship which brought my Eugene back was lost, lost in sight of land; with all her crew and passengers. Not one saved.

I came out here to be alone, to try to realise what has happened. Mother has called me and begged me to come in, but I am better here.

Eugene's great dog "Don" has found me out; poor fellow he seems to know that something has happened to his beloved master. He puts his great paw in my lap and looks at me with wistful eyes that mutely ask what it is? He loves his master with his dog's heart, as much as I do, and as faithfully.

"Poor Don, poor old dog," I say, clasping my arms round his shaggy neck and laying my tear-stained cheek on his head."

But presently Don bounds away towards the house, and I am again left to myself and my sorrow, so I lay my cheek down on Eugene's dear letter, and think—think—think—till by and by I fall asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am awoke by something warm and wet on my cheek. It is Don who is saluting me dog-fashion, by licking my face. The sun has set, the thrush has stopped singing—under the trees the twilight has deepened, someone has been out and covered me with a thick shawl; mother, no doubt. A sudden thought strikes me that I have been very selfish in my sorrow; I have never given a thought to mother, who is sorrowing for my trouble almost as much as I am sorrowing for Eugene.

Poor mother, dear mother ; I will go in and find her. Now I have made even this small resolution I feel better, and drawing the shawl closer round my shoulders I turn towards the house, and find myself clasped in Eugene's arms.

Half laughing, half crying, I cling to him ;—perhaps I am only half awake, and presently I shall find I have been dreaming—so I cling to him, and gaze into his dear face.

There is a great bruise on his forehead, and his face is very pale, but it is Eugene, nevertheless. When I have quite satisfied myself on this point, we sit down on the grass together, and Eugene tells me all about the terrible night on the wrecked vessel, and how he saved himself by clinging to one of the overturned boats, and was at length able to swim ashore ; how in spite of fatigue and bruises he came straight on here, for he knew how anxious we should be, and lastly, how Don had met him at the gate, and by barking and whining had led him to me.

“Let us go in and find mother,” I said ; “how happy she will be !”

So we did. But first we stood hand-in-hand under the glimmering stars and thanked God for sparing Eugene.

A. B. C.

TO JOHN GREGORY,

THE BRISTOL SHOEMAKER-POET.

*Author of “Idyls of Labour,” “Song Streams,” &c.*

BARD brother, beloved ! with a genius so quaint  
Thy weirdly-sweet fancies still weave. No more faint,  
Nor, heart-wearied, give o'er in thy lonely career ;  
For friends are around thee—thy hour draweth near.

The dull carnal throng thee unheeding passed by;  
 Nought to them that a soul-star anew swept the sky;  
 But spirits akin, aye of thee and of thine  
 Said—"This orb from the darkness ariseth to shine."

What *feasts* were the seasons together we've spent,  
 When "Devon's wild bird"\* his own witcheries lent!  
 How the joke full uproarious—the laugh long and loud—  
 Made the old rafters ring, shook the dead from his shroud!

How the muse then sped upward and held her glad flight,  
 Nor earthward gazed down on the ban or the blight!  
 How we talked of the seers: quoted lines 'most by millions,  
 From Shakspeare, Hood, Capern—Poe, *Gregory*, and Williams

Ay, man: of such hours we the memory cherish;  
 They build up pure being: (the grosser will perish;)  
 And so of thy rhymes, rare old friend, never fear,  
 But they'll build up true being—pure manhood will rear.

Lo, brother beloved! with a genius grim, quaint,  
 Strange, fantastic, weird, sweet, pure and true: no more faint,  
 Nor, heart-wearied, give o'er in thy shining career:  
 Thy friends flock around thee—thy hour draweth near.

W. ORMOND.

\* Capern.

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### "OUR FATHER."

"Our Father" little lips are lisping low,  
 And little hands are folded, knees are bow'd,  
 And all across the stilly gloaming tide  
 The night is hushed; the while my baby-boy  
 Fixeth wide eyes on mother's eyes, as there  
 Lies all the little sweet soul lisps of Heaven.



"Our Father"—over-head the wan, white stars  
Sicken with rapture; while the cedars proud  
Bow verdant pennons to the Deity;  
And the wild brooklet murmurs melody  
Before the footstool of the Great Unseen:  
The song alike and silence whispering "God."

"Our Father"—Ah, there was a drift-white time  
When I too lisped "Our Father"; far away  
It looms, as in some other life, some world  
Apart from ours: so long ago it seems  
Since, heedless, with the herd, I came to find  
That life had little time for praying in.

"Our Father"—through the mists of all the years,  
Through all the many wild and wandering ways  
Of men and creeds which I have vainly trod,  
The words come strangely back to me, to night,  
Fraught with new meaning—like a dear, dead face  
Long loved, yet only now known beautiful.

"Our Father" greatly, deeply have I sinned,  
Have hourly doubted, scorned, neglected Thee;  
On sterile soil have scattered, wasted all  
Thy holiest: now, all Life's Harvest lost,  
I dare not offer Thee the Aftermath—  
My Father, pardon, pity, aid thy son!

ALFRED THOMPSON.

## LINES.

I sing to Hope, that beauteous maiden blest ;  
Such call I Hope—the dearest and the best  
Of boons divine—who, when black troubles roll,  
With buoying succour seeks my sinking soul.

Hope, happy maiden ; Queen of all confest ;  
How dost thou stir pure passion in my breast !  
When I without thy smiling, helpful face  
To urge me on, must, vanquished, kiss disgrace !

I seek thee, and thy soul-solacing charms  
Will brace my bosom, whilst my clinging arms  
Cast round thee, all myself to strength shall call ;  
And I will spurn that poisoned cup of gall !

The cup that to my taste Despair doth hold :  
Which he that drinks, shall stoop in woe untold !  
Yea, if thou light me with thy lambent eyes,  
That cursed, haunting Demon I despise !

No dull dark woe beclouds my daylight dream  
If thy fair orbs upon the vision beam ;  
'Tis their prerogative to charm my breast,  
And every black forboding into rest.

Blessings thou bringest, lovely maid of light !  
And fondly let my every care unite,  
Whilst rising throbs within my bosom beat,  
To bring some worthy offering to thy feet !

How shall I form fresh fancies in thy praise,  
Who ever interminglest with my lays ?  
Smile on, sweet hope, and hear my raptures end :  
Thou art my fairest, fondest, firmest friend !

E. S. LITTLETON.

(Author of "Hamand" and other Poems.)

## THE COMMUNION TABLE.

They all sate down together side by side,  
The rich man and the poor, the high, the low ;  
And each one in his hand his token held,  
Which he received from him who ministered  
In holy things to that assembled crowd.  
A solemn stillness reigned throughout the church ;  
And few might know the character of those  
Who took their places at the sacred board.  
A hand of one was there that many times  
Had raised the awful cup unto his lips,  
And in it was the token that gave right  
To take a place at Christ's own feast of love.  
What didst *thou* at the Table of the Lord,  
O drunkard ! drunk with sin and shame and woe ?  
Didst thou not hear the voice of Jesus say—  
“ Give up thy sins if thou would'st welcome find  
At such a Holy Table—go—repent ! ”  
Not far from where the drunkard took his place  
A careless worldling sate ; gay were his clothes,  
And listless was his air,—he had no part  
In that most holy feast of joy and love.  
O worldly wanderer ! why didst *thou* there take  
Thy place without a token from thy Lord ?  
Close by the worldling's side that Sabbath day  
Sate a self-pleased, self-righteous Pharisee ;  
His eyes oft-times were upward turned to Heaven,  
And coming to that Table he did think  
The crowning act of all his righteous deeds,  
The last bright touch to prove his holiness.  
Poor self-deceivèd soul ! didst not thou hear  
The voice of Him from whom no hearts are hid  
Saying to thee, “ Thou hast no part with me,  
What dost thou here ? ” Far down the Table sate  
An agèd man on whom full many suns  
Their light had cast—his head was lowly bent,



And his hands clasped the blessed Book of God—  
Of his own great unworthiness his heart  
Was then so full that he had no room left  
For proud vain thoughts—for high big thoughts of self.  
Yet though in his own eyes so vile and low,  
With holy confidence he took his place,  
Because his eye upon his Lord was fixed ;  
And ever as he trembled at the thought  
Of his own sinfulness he turned to gaze  
Upon the Cross, and saw One hanging there  
Who all his debt had paid ; this made him bold,  
And in his ear the blessed words he heard,  
“ Welcome, thrice welcome art thou at my board,  
Take courage, humble soul ! I am thy God,  
And none shall ever pluck thee from My Hand.”

F. MAITLAND MACRAE.

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### WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

In life's balmy blissful morning  
When my heart was light and free,  
As the foam the wave adorning,  
Came my true love, tenderly  
Saying, “ wilt thou venture with me  
On the calm and smiling sea ?

“ In the sunshine clear and steady,  
Shine the waves like burnished gold ;  
There my boat is moored and ready  
For the treasure it must hold ;  
Stay thou near me, pray thee hear me  
Till my tale of love is told.

“Not a sign of storm is near us,  
 Not a cloud is in the sky;  
 Hope is at the helm to steer us,  
 Joy the willing oars shall ply—  
 Love me ever, leave me never,  
 'Tis for thee alone I sigh.”

Could I hear his gentle pleading,  
 Look upon his moistened eyes,  
 Turn away from him unheeding,  
 And his earnest suit despise?  
 Ah! my pity then was leading  
 To the love that never dies.

So with joy and hope together,  
 As he looked on me with pride,  
 In that calm and sunny weather  
 I've sat waiting for the tide,  
 Till it came and bore us onward—  
 My beloved and me his bride.

MADLINE.

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### THE WORKHOUSE.

“Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.”

From the day in which the late Charles Dickens, in his powerful and attractive romance of *Oliver Twist*, initiated the British public into the mysteries of the internal management of workhouses in general, the care and comfort of our suffering poor have frequently formed subjects of grave attention, and it

was to be hoped that the improved system of rule, introduced into these establishments by the Local Government Board, had long since swept away all existing abuses. However, during the autumn and winter of 1877, the inhabitants of an important town in Ireland, were much shocked and scandalized by revelations made at their Local Board of Guardians, disclosing that great official austerity was exercised towards the unfortunate inmates of the workhouse; and that, in many instances, destitute applicants for admission to that institution, including men, women, and helpless infants, were allowed to lie for entire nights outside the gates, unpitied and unrelieved, exposed to the most inclement weather:

A stately old pile is the workhouse grey,  
That stands on the sloping hill,  
With its well-tilled grounds, and its gardens gay,  
And casements that glance in the sunny ray,  
Like spray from a mountain rill.

But tho' bright and fair as a gilded tomb,  
Foul corruption lurks within,  
Where sorrow's sad victims, immured in gloom,  
In poverty's garments fulfil the doom  
Of misfortune, crime, or sin.

A stern, hard-lined chief is the master who  
Holds rule o'er this hapless den,  
And whose nod is law to the motley crew;  
Society's outcasts, with comforts few,  
These shades of once stalwart men.

Through day-room and ward his harsh mandates roar,  
Like gusts of a chill North wind,  
They freeze the warm blood to the heart's deep core  
Of hundreds who ne'er shall know freedom more,  
Nor list to a voice that's kind.



The Board day arrives, and the Guardians meet  
In their grand and spacious hall,  
Right blandly the chairman then takes his seat,  
Looks round in his pride, and, with air discreet,  
Gives a smiling bow to all.

The work then begins—at the Board appear  
The young, frail, and aged poor;  
Maid, widow, and orphan, bowed down with fear—  
Who hopeless, heartbroken, no friend to cheer,  
Seek shelter within that door.

Yet oft a rude joke ere the work is done,  
To the scene will mirth impart—  
And with Guardians who relish vulgar fun  
From tainted lips—a coarse jest or pun,  
Gains more than a bursting heart.

The weak must succumb, and to strength give way—  
'Tis a law ordained by fate—  
So, while noisy clamour oft gains the day,  
The weary and helpless are turned away,  
To pine at the workhouse gate.

'Tis hard that relief should be thus denied,  
When within there's room for all;  
Or that scoffing lips should the grief deride  
Of those weeping ones who, their shame to hide,  
Ask refuge inside that wall.

'Tis hard that the poor in this Christian land  
For a crust in vain should crave;  
And that ruthless man with despotic hand—  
When with brief power armed should that prayer withstand—  
When his word a life might save.

T. C. S. CORRY, M.D.

## A REQUIEM.

Lay her low in her mother earth,  
Pile o'er her beautiful head the sod,  
Bright flowers from her relics shall take birth,  
And her spirit winging it's way to God,  
Draw many a longing, and hope, and prayer,  
Upward into the purer air.

Where the moon-beams so gently play  
In summer time, at the midnight hour,  
Where the first bright streaks of coming day  
Steal o'er the graves, with a mystic power  
That seems the prediction to thoughtful sight,  
Of blessed resurrection light.

Lay her low, nor lament her loss,  
More than the sorrowful heart must needs,  
She, at life's threshold has left the cross,  
To the crown of victory she succeeds,  
And pure as she came, she has passed away,  
Into the everlasting day.

BENJAMIN GEORGE AMBLER.

## CEMETERIES.

They vex me, those grim gardens of the dead,  
Where all the grass seems heaving waves of woe,  
And where each blooming flower is waterèd  
By tears, which elsewhere had ceased to flow—  
Tears which few friendly eyes can share or know.  
I love to lay those silent hearts instead  
Where all the busy world can daily go ;  
Where happy brides across the sod may tread,

Where babes are welcomed first within the fold,  
And thankful hearts bring all their praise and prayer,  
Or souls find comfort from a pent grief told—  
Where children play, unchecked by worldly care,  
And bells are often pealed, not *always* tolled—  
Just in the church's yard—God rest us there!

A. STONEHEWER.

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WAITING.

For a footstep light on the path below,  
And a voice of silvery tone,  
A hand in mine, and the joyous flow  
Of hearts that parted long time ago,  
Parted in tears and foreboding of woe—  
I wait in the dusk alone.

The clematis scents the evening breeze,  
And the sunset tints the sky,  
I wait beneath the shadowy trees,  
'Mid budding blooms and murmur of bees,  
Impatiently longing a hand to seize,  
And waiting the lips' reply.

Waiting a traveller over the sea;  
Time is slow and thought is fleet—  
Waiting a laugh that is wild with glee,  
A heart that glows with affection for me,  
A sunbeam bright o'er my life to be,  
Waiting;—with welcome meet.

A. GASKELL.



## THE OLD LOVE.

So lady, we have met again,  
After so many years flown o'er thee;  
Thrilled with a sense half joy, half pain,  
With beating heart I stand before thee!  
Yes, thou art changed; and Time, I know,  
Has touched *me* with his wearing fingers,  
Yet o'er thee still a hallowing glow  
From the young past yet gently lingers.

And do I gaze on thee, in sooth?  
Thou, who wast once my soul's ideal  
Of beauty, purity, and truth,  
Clasped and embodied in the real.  
I know wild fancy went astray,  
That thou wert not divine, but human,  
Yet can believe thy life has aye  
Been such as fits a noble woman!

Youth's bloom has faded from thy cheek  
And Care and Thought their lines are showing,  
I mark full many a silver streak  
Gleam in thy hair, once dark and flowing.  
Thy form has lost the sylph-like grace  
That clothed it in the years departed;  
And in thy step I cease to trace  
The bounding spring of youth light-hearted.

Thine eyes retain their witching light,  
To each impulse of thought quick glancing,  
Now with ripe fancy beaming bright,  
And now in sportive joyance dancing.  
And the rare magic of thy smile,  
I still as in past days discover,  
When watchful by thy side the while  
I sat entranced—thy boyish lover.

Fate snatched thee from my longing eyes,  
To bless with thy rich love another ;  
I, too, in time sought other ties,  
The ling' rings of regret to smother ;  
Children climbed up upon my knee,  
And Love once more my pathway gladdened,  
And when my thought e'en dwelt on thee,  
'Twas as a mem'ry calm—if saddened.

And now the cycle has come round  
That gives to us another meeting ;  
And thought flies back at one rebound  
To when we last exchanged a greeting :  
The same—and yet how changed since then,  
Like mist the years have seemed to vanish,  
And in their freshness live again  
Feelings that Time has failed to banish.

Not useless was that early dream,  
It filled my dawning soul with beauty ;  
Rev'rence for womanhood did seem  
Henceforth to me a binding duty :  
It woke in me the poet's flame,  
Thou wert my first bright inspiration,  
Though round my brow no wreath of fame  
Rests, symbol of the world's laudation.

W. E. J.

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STANZAS.

Deem not the hours are idly spent  
That fancy steals away,  
If to the duller ones is lent  
One soft illusive ray.

Nor think the while you gaze upon  
The glory of the skies,  
You yet may miss some golden coin  
Among the dust that lies.

Be sure *that* life is poor and mean  
Whose highest thought is gain,  
Whose heart has not one answering note  
To Nature's endless strain ;  
Who counts no hour whose tender grace  
Shines brightly on his way,  
And with its silver wand of light  
Points to the coming day.

Nor yet believe all beauty lost—  
While childhood weaves its flowers,  
While youth among his golden dreams  
Smiles at the flying hours.  
Be sure the blossoms of the heart  
Are never sent for naught,  
If springing upward, they may lead  
To higher deed and thought.

Nor count the sweet ideal love  
A visionary pain,  
If in the fond pursuit, we may  
The nearer Heaven attain.

If to the breezy heights we climb  
Lured by its smile supreme ;  
Far better that, than stand with hearts  
More empty than a dream.

Believe not, what the heartless world  
Hath taught the cold and grave,  
The noblest men the world hath known  
The truest—the most brave,



Have had the wild enthusiast dream,  
The struggle, the desire,  
That spurns the low set plain of life,  
Consumes its dross with fire.

And Oh ! believe, while silent stars  
Gaze from the azure dome,  
While sunlight glorifies the earth,  
While love hath yet a home.  
So long as hope can throw a smile,  
And kiss away a tear,  
So long as mem'ry folds a past,  
And makes e'en sorrow dear.

So long shall all that's bright and fair,  
And all that's true and high,  
Shine far above life's sordid dust,  
As stars set in it's sky.  
Nor shall the youth renounce his dreams,  
Nor manhood count them vain—  
But shining wings by which to mount  
From all this care and pain.

*By the Author of "Song Drifts."*

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VOX CLAMANTIS.

Far off, in the distant dim and passionate ages,  
When earth was fresh as a maid with the sun in her hair ;  
Breathed on by holy breath of prophets and sages,  
Love, as a god, was born, and man knew him most fair.

Fair, with the laughing lips and eyes of a maiden,  
And like the face of the moon on a summer night ;  
With gracious gladness and plentiful peace overladen,  
Filled with a subtle and strange and sweet delight.

Delight, as of birds that homeward at evensong flutter,  
Glad when the sun to his bed in the ocean dips ;  
With a sound of perilous words that no mouth can utter,  
And a smile like a cloud at rest on his flower-like lips.

Lips that a lover's lips have kissed, and left stainless,  
Fulfilled with a known joy as a cup to the brim ;  
With songs of the days and years to be, and a painless  
Breath of sighs not sad, heaved deep from the heart of him.

Him, whom our fathers knew in the glad great past time,  
When men with gods walked free on the happy earth,  
Now in the darkness dim of this sorrowful last time,  
The night was slain, and another has sprung to the birth.

Birth in a joyless time, of sorrow begotten,  
With wailing, and bitter cries, and passionate tears,  
When peace has departed, and grief alone is forgotten,  
And men are as dust down-trod by the pitiless years.

Years of darkness, and times of labour and travail,  
Bringing a bitter birth from the mother of men ;  
Day, whose web the unsorrowing Fates unravel,  
And pluck the fruit and gives us ashes again.

Again we have seen him, glad with no gracious splendour,  
Sun-crowned by no goodly circle of burning gold ;  
Not like a child's face, pitiful, sweet, and tender,  
Nor as our fathers knew his face from of old.

Old with foretaste of tears, and grown grey with anguish,  
But with the burden of sorrow that yet shall be ;  
When the days and years that are green shall decay and languish,  
And pass as a furrow drawn through the field of the sea.

Sea, O mother of her who was once most mighty,  
Crowned as a goddess and queen of immortal things,  
Fair as at even the sun-flecked clouds—Aphrodité,  
Girt with desire, and glad as a bird that sings.

Sings, till the wan white hours wax weary of sorrow,  
And peace glides down to the earth for a little space,—  
O mother, what gifts shall we give that our hearts may borrow,  
A little while surcease of sorrow, a measure of grace?

Grace from the clasp of this new birth of thy daughter,  
Blood-red, with passionate pulse and merciless mouth,  
Drinking the bitter flood of desire like water,  
And slaking never the thirst of unquenchable drouth.

Drouth as of days that know not eventide showers,  
When blossom and bud and fruit are withered and grey;  
And death has drunk at the cups of the fairest flowers,  
And winter has kissed and made cold the lips of May.

May-time and summer are faded, the passionate glories  
That lighted the souls of the loves who lived in old time;  
Are past as the sounds of forgotten and fugitive stories,  
That rise and fall like the wind, and die like the rime.

Rime on the leaves of the flowers of spring-time is scattered,  
And cold with the chill of death are the young god's lips,  
Love, like a ruined vase, is broken and shattered,  
And drowned in the sea by the storm-wind that breaks the  
ships.

WERTHER.

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### THE VOICES OF THE BELLS.

The twilight hues of evening  
Are fading softly pale,  
Two bells are sounding sweetly  
Across the peaceful vale.



One comes from out the castle,  
Its tone thrills blithe and glad ;  
The other from the monast'ry  
Beside the lake is sad.

Within the ancient castle,  
A maiden young and fair,  
Against her will, is deck'd  
With myrtle in her hair.

Within the gloomy chapel,  
Against his will and choice,  
A young Knight takes the vow  
In low and solemn voice !

The two bells sounds are carried  
Afar, and die away ;  
But the pain of two fond hearts  
Shall last for aye and aye !

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#### THE STORM'S PROPHECY.

I listen to the groaning of the sea,  
To the groaning, to the moaning of the sea—  
And thus it saith to me—  
“The world is wide and free,  
And full of hope and glee,  
But only *woe* for *thee*,”  
Sobs the moaning and the groaning of the sea.

I listen on shore,  
 By the storm-tossed breaker's roar,  
 Wondering more and more ;  
 "Will the love he felt of yore  
 Return with gathered store,  
 From his distant home across the sea  
 Will he think of plighted vows? Ah, me!

My life's false dream is o'er ;  
 Gone, gone, for evermore

\* \* \* \*

Hark! to the music, to the roar  
 Of the tempest on the shore,  
 Ah me!—Ah me!—wails the loudly sobbing sea,  
 And my sad soul echos back, Ah me!

MARION PITTARD.

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## THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

BY ARTHUR WAITE.

### PART II.

But yet, so ran the tale, they told if ships  
 Could hold so long upon the course, at length  
 They would arrive upon another coast,  
 Whose dwellers had deserted it—where all  
 The towns were desolate, the thrones unfilled ;  
 And there was wealth in gold and precious stones,  
 Beyond the count of man, while far to south  
 There was a mighty forest, in whose depths  
 A wondrous land existed, such as eye  
 Of man had seen not; streams of liquid gold

Ran over sands of pearls, and palaces  
Of skilful workmanship and fabrics fine  
Uprose, the work of magic, from the ground :  
There were no storms, perpetual calm prevailed,  
And all was beautiful as noon-day dreams.  
Men woke not there to days of ceaseless toil,  
Striving in vain with fortune's adverse chance ;  
There was sweet rest for all from day to day,  
And calm content unmarred by any want,  
And pleasure unalloyed, and female forms  
Fairer than Houris of the Moslem's faith ;  
And there was no decay, disease, nor death,  
Nor pain, nor sorrow, nor remorse, nor loss,  
Nor haunting fear, nor hearts grown sick with hope  
Deferred from day to day, but all was joy  
With no satiety to vex the soul.

"But still, we learned, for years no man had dared  
Approach the shadow of that enchanted wood,  
A curse of silence was upon the place,  
Which chilled the heart with an abiding dread,  
And drove all mortals terrified away.  
Before that curse of silence came, there stood  
A little village on the shore hard by,  
But now it was forsaken, for one night,  
When the whole place was wrapped in dreamful sleep.  
A mighty noise, as of escaping sound,  
Instant uprore towards the quiet stars,  
Rudely awaking all the villagers ;  
There was an uproar through the forest's length,  
And breadth, and height ; its strongest branches clashed  
Like waves conflicting on the stormy sea,  
And moaned as if in agony, and all  
The foilage trembled, and the very grass,  
Trailed on the pinions of the sudden wind,  
Filled the whole air with its regretful sound.  
Above the moon shone brightly, but a cloud,



Black as the plumage on the raven's wing,  
Came suddenly between it and the earth,  
And there was darkness on the land and sea;  
So that the light of many twinkling stars  
Prevailed not; while, at that hour, each man,  
Who looked from out his casement, roused and stunned,  
Felt unseen pinions flap before his face,  
Like spirits flying through the darkened air;  
And then the bosom of the cloud was rent  
With vivid lightning, and a thunder peal  
Shook the strong bosom of the stony earth;  
But from that moment all was silence there:  
The spell had fallen, and the villagers,  
Who went with early morn to hew their wood.  
In the dark forest, found invisible hands,  
Their entrance barred, and so in fear they fled.  
Then, finding that the spell was not removed,  
Some put to sea in search of distant lands,  
And the once prosperous place by all was left.

"Filled with desire to win by force of arms,  
The wondrous region of the enchanted wood,  
And scouting all the story of the spell  
And the invisible hands, along the shore  
I gave the order to return at once,  
And reached the camp with the descending night,

"Three months we stayed, building the mighty ships,  
And in the fourth we spread the adventurous sail,  
The fair breeze wafting as from sight of land,  
No tempest troubled us, the morning dawned  
Brilliant and beautiful, through all the day  
No cloud concealed, no mist obscured the sky.

"At length we landed on the stranger shore,  
And found, indeed, the towns deserted all  
The kingdoms left to ruin: and, at last,  
After much journeying and many days,

Here we arrived to find the tale we heard  
Was true indeed. The spell, the curse prevailed  
Even as now, and when, by command,  
Who was impatient of the least delay,  
Our hosts marched up with spears and naked swords,  
The hands unseen repelled them at the breast,  
And hurled them backwards with disordered ranks  
And broken lines ; still, still I urged them on,  
Myself the foremost, but our toil was vain ;  
Our tireless perseverance went for nought,  
So we desisted terrified and spent.

The sun sank down behind the sea, the grey  
Shades of the twilight hedged about our hosts ;  
Then the night came, made beautiful with stars,  
And the swift moon which brightened in the sky ;  
Then, while the silence crept into our souls,  
And each one shuddered with a sudden cold,  
We cast our tents, piling the watch-fires high,  
And placed the sentinels in two-fold line ;  
Then lying side by side, in twos and threes,  
A fitful slumber sought as best we could,  
Forgetful of the fear we felt.

“ At dawn

The sunbeams woke us streaming in the tent,  
And I arose to find that Fate had brought  
Misfortune, which so long had passed me by,  
Home to my door.

“ I had been wedded young,  
By my dead father, to the maiden queen  
Of a near country ; when my father's crown  
Descended to my brows, an infant prince  
This union blessed, but in its birth my wife  
Died, and henceforth this only child possessed  
The whole affections of my heart. He grew  
In beauty by my side, my chiefest hope,

My sweet companion wheresoe'er I went ;  
Till now, when he was scarcely seven, I rose  
To find the servants whispering in alarm,  
Because the prince was missing. Who shall tell  
The anguish of my heart ? A search was made  
Throughout the camp and all the fields around ;  
O'er all the desolate stretch of sea-bound sand,  
But unsuccessfully. In fear I climbed  
A lofty cliff which overhung the sea :  
But from its eminence looking o'er the land  
No living thing I saw, save mounted men  
Searching among the houses and the fields,  
Or soaring o'er the dreary plains beyond.

"So slowly dragged the leaden-footed day,  
So night drew in, and many a night and day  
Followed of ceaseless, unremitting toil,  
But when three moons had passed the soldiers changed,  
And mutiny grew rife in open day,  
As the whole host, as if with single voice,  
Demanded I should lead them back once more.  
Whereat I turned to a young chief, my friend  
And a near kinsman, who had faithful proved  
In danger oft and in the trying hour,  
And bade him lead them home and rule my realm,  
But that for me my place was here alone.

"So was I left in loneliness alone,  
Thus have I watched and waited year by year ;  
And, still, I think, before the end shall come  
It may please God that I shall hear once more  
My child's returning footsteps on the grass."

Such was the tale ; and Harold looking up  
Into Belphegor's face saw that his eyes  
Were full of yearning love. "Six months had passed,"  
The king went on, after a moment's pause,  
"When lingering on the outskirts of the wood,



Trying in vain to enter, I perceived  
 A little piece of torn and faded silk  
 Hung on a bramble, and remembered well  
 My child had worn a tunic of like stuff.  
 So then I knew that he had wandered there,  
 And been admitted in this sacred wood,  
 To find a home where children pure may dwell,  
 But none else enter. . . . Rest with me to-night!  
 I have not seen a human face for long,  
 And would not wish to say farewell so soon."  
 So Harold lingered by Belphegor's side,  
 And lying down upon the grass to sleep,  
 The moonbeams fell upon his face upturned,  
 And on the fallen and dismembered tree,  
 And upon him who silent sat thereon,  
 Unsleeping under the unsleeping stars

*(To be Continued.)*

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#### SONNET.

"Now, lady!—I have purple and have gold!  
 The finest linen for the human breast,—  
 And shining gems, of beauty to behold,  
 Most beautiful! and am in amber dress'd,  
 And Jacinth—But, 'tis "Jacinth" of the mind!  
 Ay, royal rubies, lady!—that no age,  
 Nor hour, nor time, shall see the less defined,  
 Of Heaven's Permission?—lay along your gage,—  
 The "Chained Panoplies of Roses," now  
 Weave them from hill to hill, from tree to tree,  
 From mead to mead, they cannot else bestow,  
 Nor be more beautiful,—of you and me—  
 They are but roses—this, mind's complement,  
 My joy, and care, and—fadeless monument."

CHARLES B. GILBERT.

## KOERNER'S REQUEST.

Theodore Koerner is famed above all others in Germany for his war songs, written when a guardsman in the Prussian service, warring against the tyranny of the first Napoleon. He fell in battle in his 22nd year, and was buried by his comrades at the foot of an oak on the road from Lubelow to Drecknich, with all marks of honour, his comrades carving his name on the bark of the tree with their swords. His father and sister have both, since, at their expressed wishes, been laid by his side under the same tree. In the following poem Koerner is supposed to be addressing some Prussian officers who are proposing his removal, for reinterment, with public honours, in the country for which he had martyred himself.

No,—do not move me,—let me lie  
Where my fellow-swordsmen laid me ;—  
That the spot is dear, with my last blood's dye,  
Shall a Prussian's heart upbraid me ?

In the *crimsoned* robe that wraps me now,  
The cavalry cloak around me,  
Prouder am I, in my soldier dreams,  
Than if gold and purple bound me.

What would I more,—this champion tree,  
Scarr'd with my sabered name,  
Can boast an abler artist's hand  
Than ever built to fame.

What, in return, would pomp propose  
For the tears my comrades shed,  
As they tenderly laid their guardsman down,  
And thought of his lonely bed ?

In the funeral farewell shot that told  
Of a warrior laid at rest,  
All that a soldier's pride could ask  
Of his country stood confessed.

Never, no, never, farewell shot  
To the ear, or heart again,  
As it rang, with the clots still fresh and moist,  
On a brow scarce pulseless then.

No,—let me lie ;—and this vouchsafe ;—  
Observe these oaklings round me,  
Their rootlets quickening to my breast,  
As joying to have found me.

Let each a brave one single out,  
Transport it to his home,  
Where for Koerner's sake ye'll tend to it,  
I know, for *years* to come.

That, branching as it then will branch,  
Some day, beneath its shade,  
Your sons at least may sing the songs  
That edged his country's blade.

And, singing then, a thought bestow  
On what he *might* have sung  
If, but more chary of his blood,  
He had died, perhaps, less young.

In the breeze-stirred trembling of its leaves  
My lips shall hymn their share,  
For, from the grave where first it grew,  
My spirit will be there.

FRANK JOHNSON.



## ESSAYS ON SHELLEY'S WORKS.

## THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

In approaching the "Revolt of Islam" my task becomes more important and more difficult, for, though it would be injustice to Shelley to rest his fame in the slightest degree upon that poem, still it may be regarded as making the extreme boundary line between the youth and the maturity of his genius and of his literary skill.

"The Revolt of Islam" was written in six months—Shelley felt the precariousness of his life, and he engaged in the task resolved to leave some record of himself. It is to this desire to crowd into one monument all his opinions and thoughts, and to this haste in composition that the imperfection of the poem is perhaps chiefly to be attributed.

In the preface, Shelley says that he devoted himself with unremitting ardour and enthusiasm to his task; but such long sustained effort is fatal to perfect symmetry, and works so produced bear to those more gradually developed the same relation as the knowledge of an educated man to the accumulated facts of a crammed boy. Referring to the poem, Shelley in a letter to a friend says that "it grew from the agony and bloody sweat of intellectual travail," but the fate of poets is different from that of women, the latter conceive in pleasure but produce in pain, the former too often conceive in the bitterest anguish, but at the birth of all their healthy offspring they experience the keenest delight.

"The Revolt of Islam" is a notable example to prove that the more powerful a man's genius is the more invariably disastrous are the results of any attempt to force its production. The will which in inferior minds is required to excite must with the great be content to restrain—however long the interval between the periods of creative activity, the true poet should wait patiently for its spontaneous commencement, nor prolong his labours one moment after it has ceased. The "Spirit of

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Delight " must neither be woo'd to come nor pressed to stay—when she is near let the world be forgotten in the glory of her presence, and let her whisperings be treasured in the memory as revelations from heaven; when she is gone let the soul, her temple, be prepared against her return, and let the mind, her prophet, study to deliver her messages to the understanding of men; but let her not be importuned by invocations or pursued by prayers.

But, "The Revolt of Islam" though imperfect, is a far more valuable bequest than all Shelley's previous works put together. The Dedication is exquisite beyond praise, and, while the introductory Canto is fantastical in the extreme, the poem itself displays constructive powers of no mean order, and blazes from beginning to end with the most magnificent imagery—the plot, though its development is rendered obscure by profusion of ornament and detail is clearly intelligible when studied, and many of the descriptions are drawn with the hand of a master. I shall discuss in this essay the Preface, the Dedication, and the First Canto.

#### THE PREFACE.

Shelley himself acknowledged and deplored the want of "that tranquility which is the attribute and accompaniment of power," and he has left us nothing in which this want is more conspicuous than in the Preface to the "Revolt of Islam." It is full of self-assertion, to which his taste never could have permitted him to give expression, had he not, in despair of its succeeding by merit alone, desired to startle the public into attention, and it is loaded with ostentatious learning by which he probably proposed to overawe his critics, but which was very unworthy of one better fitted to teach his own thoughts than to quote those of others.

The opening paragraphs, in which are words of appalling length, he sketches the outlines of the poem, describes it as an experiment on the public mind, and with youthful presumption pronounces as perfect that system of society which he



had constructed from the observations of his own limited experience.

The remarks upon the French Revolution are vigorous and earnest, and where the language is entirely figurative, and the writer consequently in his proper element, he is very powerful indeed.

"If the Revolution had been in every respect prosperous, then misrule and superstition would loose half their claims to our abhorrence, as fetters which the captive can unlock with the slightest motion of his fingers, and which do not eat with poisonous rust into the soul."

But the preface to a poem is scarcely a proper place for the discussion of a vast historical question, and, however true Shelley's opinions on this subject may have been, it is to be regretted that he did not reserve their expression for some more suitable opportunity.

The long paragraph in which he describes his poetical education was, at least, unnecessary. The education of a poet must be to all the world, except himself, an apparent fiction. If he be discovered absorbed in the contemplation of nature, it is inevitable that he should be described as an idle dreamer, though his brain be at the time actively engaged in arranging, defining, and storing in the memory the thoughts suggested by the scene. If he seeks acquaintance out of his own class, and makes strange friends, it is inevitable that he should be condemned as eccentric, though it is only thus he can sound to its depths the deep heart of man. The poet is, to his fellows, as incomprehensible as a man might be to children who spent hour after hour picking up pearls, where they could only find sea-weed. Since, then, it was impossible that Shelley's remarks on this subject could be interesting, or even intelligible to his hearers, surely it was an unwise condescension to make them at all. Particularly offensive are the sentences referring to his reading, "I have read the Poets, the Historians, and the Metaphysicians," this is the language of a gold medallist, of an University Professor, not that of a man of genius.

In the paragraph at the close of the preface, defining his

attitude towards criticism, Shelley is at last himself—while perfectly conscious that his greatness is from within, and not in the smallest degree the result of his study, he has been endeavouring to establish his claims to attention on wrong grounds, and the strain has at last produced an irresistible reaction towards truth. He will no longer attempt to overawe his detractors by showing them that he is as much their superior in knowledge as in power, nor will he propitiate them by detailing how he has laboured to please; in spite of prudence, in spite of the warnings of experience, he throws aside that false dissimulation which is called modesty, and stands forth in his true character. “I, Shelley, have written, as I believe. Homer and Shakespeare wrote in utter disregard of censure. I have spoken because, like them, I but obeyed in speaking an instinct as irresistible as that which bids the skylark to sing, because like them, I have a voice worthy to echo from century to century, till the end of time.”

It is to be regretted that Shelley should have paid his critics the compliment of saying that he would be amused “by their paltry tricks, and lame invectives;” I cannot believe that even the writer who compared him to Pharaoh, or the ignorance which said of the Adonaïs that the versification was bad could have amused him. He was too zealous for truth, too full of love for mankind to be amused by the prospect of mental deformity. I feel sure that the criticisms, not only of his own works, but of all the writing of the time were to him a cause of real sorrow, of profound melancholy and despondency; nor can I think that he is perfectly sincere, when speaking of the public he says he will indeed bow before the tribunal from which Milton *did not* receive his crown; he adopted a truer and higher tone, when in his Essay on Poetry he observed that “a poet must be judged by a jury of his peers:” surely he was conscious that no such jury could be empannelled from his contemporaries, surely he must have known that hundreds of years must elapse before the number of his jury could be completed.



## THE DEDICATION.

The dedication to the "Revolt of Islam," is Shelley's first masterpiece. Every line is full of the passion of a great heart, every word thrills with melody worthy of the musician of the Prometheus Unbound.

Shelley in his first marriage had linked himself to a giggling schoolgirl in the belief that her mind was as beautiful as her body; he had "sought all sympathies in the one," and had had bitter reason to repent his rashness when suddenly there dawned upon the starless night of his despair that radiant presence which illumined the rest of his path to the grave. Unfortunate in almost every other circumstance of life, disowned by his family, afflicted by disease, unsatisfied in his desire for fame, he was in one particular supremely blessed. He had met a woman worthy to be his companion. Over the grave of Mary Wollstonecroft he had poured out to the listening ear of her daughter the tale of his ruined life, he had told her that she alone could save him, for that he loved her with all the overpowering intensity of his nature. What were Mary's feelings to hear the avowal may be easily imagined: she was herself a woman of genius, and could therefore appreciate the greatness of her good fortune. No public neglect, no sneers, no detraction could blind her to the fact that the man who thus spoke to her of love was the giant of the age. In the fragment of a life of Shelley which she has left us, she speaks of him in a way which shows that her love was even as his.

"I am one cut off in the prime of life from hope, enjoyment, and prosperity. The prospect was smiling, but I am in a desert. I was the chosen mate of a celestial spirit—he has left me. I was the mother of lovely children, they are gone to attend him in his beautiful mansion. I am a priestess dedicated to his glorification by my suffering. The bride of the dead, my daily sacrifice is brought to his temple, and under the shadow of his memory I watch each sun to its decline."

The meeting of two such spirits was a theme worthy even of Shelley. It was the first real crisis of his life, and it is celebrated by the first burst of real poetry which he produced.



The Dedication is no furious tirade against established systems, no sentimental moan, no storied argument for social and political change, it is the very essence of all Shelley had thought and suffered from childhood, it shines upon the "Revolt of Islam" itself, like a sparkling crest on the summit of a ponderous wave. In the poem which he presents, Shelley has struggled with an unwieldy subject, he has laboured to write but there is no labour in the exquisite lines which accompany it, they come as everything good and great always comes straight from the heart, and therefore, few as they are, they are infinitely more valuable than the thousands they are intended to introduce.

Our language contains nothing more delicately lovely than the opening lines of the Dedication :

"So now my summer task is ended Mary,  
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home ;  
As to his queen some victor Knight of Faëry,  
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome."

Nothing more intensely passionate than the stanza beginning :

"There, Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart,  
Fell like bright Spring upon some herbless plain."

And nothing more grand than this :

"No more alone through the world's wilderness,  
Although I trod the paths of high intent,  
I journeyed now : no more companionless,  
Where solitude is like despair, I went."

It may interest readers to know that the school mentioned in the third stanza is not Eton, but Lion House School, Brentford. It was the head master of this school who once reprimanded Shelley for bringing him up some lines of Ovid which, being pressed for time, he had copied out and presented as original. It was not, however, for this trifling act of dishonesty that he was reproved ; the learned teacher did not recognise the lines and he consequently condemned them as badly constructed.

One which began with "*jam jam*" especially aroused his indignation, and he did not lose the opportunity of making a scholastic pun about Shelley having only just come from the nursery preserves. It can scarcely be cause for wonder that a boy with Shelley's zeal for the truth and Shelley's intellect did not care to learn what such "tyrants knew or taught," but preferred to conduct his own education and to "heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore."

The sixth stanza of the Dedication was originally written thus:—

Alas! that love should be a blight and snare  
 To those who seek all sympathies in one.  
 Such once I sought in vain; then black despair,  
 The shadow of a starless night was thrown  
 Over the world in which I moved alone;  
*One, whom I found, was dear but false to me,*  
*The other's heart was like a heart of stone*  
 Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be  
 Aught but a lifeless clod until revived by thee.

The first of the lines in italics refers to Harriet Grove, Shelley's cousin, to whom he was engaged at one time; the second to Harriet Westbrook, his first wife.

#### THE FIRST CANTO.

It appears to me that in all English poetry there may be seen two elements, entirely different and frequently antagonistic—the Celtic and the Teutonic. The poets in whom the Celtic element predominates are clear and sparkling; they use language to define their thoughts, not to envelope them, and they exhibit that ardent humanity and that intense appreciation of nature which so much distinguished the Greeks. The Teutonic poets are dull, unwieldy, ponderous and learned; they are to their more rapid brethren what thunder is to lightning.

Each poetical period in our history has produced poets of both sorts side by side; Chaucer, keen, witty and brilliant;

Gower, vast, cumbrous, writing in three languages; Shakspeare using the language of his time, and describing men and women; Spenser manufacturing a diction out of antiquated words, and leaving an unfinished work which is probably the most tiresome composition extant. Then arises Milton on the Teutonic side, alone in his grandeur, as if to redress the balance; and, finally, in our last period, Byron, Moore, and Scott may be set down as Celts—Coleridge, Wordsworth and Keats as Teutons.

In Shelley the two elements were united, though in their literary expression they are kept curiously distinct. Of the former the most characteristic production is perhaps "The Sensitive Plant," which is distinguished above every poem in the language for the keen accuracy with which each idea is defined; of the latter the "Epipsychidion," which I cannot agree with Mr. Rossetti and many others in excessively admiring.

In "The Revolt of Islam" the Teutonic element vastly preponderates, and in the first canto to an almost offensive degree. Occasionally, indeed, a vivid flash bursts through the mantling mist, as when, in the description of the fight between the eagle and the serpent, Shelley writes—

"Bright scales did leap  
Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,  
Like sparks into the darkness,"

but the general impression on reading it is one of haziness. It is like a cloud in which glows the crimson light of evening, and in which we seem to see strange shifting forms of unearthly beauty and colour. The sensations with which we arise from its perusal are dreamily pleasant, but very indistinct.

The argument of the canto may be rapidly sketched as follows.

Arising "from visions of despair," Shelley scales "an ariel promontory; a storm bursts upon the sea; there is a pause, and suddenly—

"The blue sky is seen  
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven



Most delicately, and the ocean green  
Beneath that opening spot of blue serene  
Quivered like burning emerald."

In the spot of blue the struggling serpent and eagle are seen to approach; at first they appear like a speck, gradually they grow more distinct, till at last they are almost overhead. After the fight the eagle flies away "on the exhausted blast," and the serpent falls into the sea. A woman who is sitting beneath the rock upon the sand calls to the serpent, which creeps into her bosom; they embark together in a boat "which had no sail but its own prow of curved moon-stone"—Shelley accompanies them. During the voyage the woman tells Shelley "a strange and awful tale," namely that the serpent and eagle represent the contending powers of good and evil, and that though herself a mortal she has been loved by an immortal being. It will be interesting to compare the long stanzas in which this connection is described with the eight lines in the second part of "The Sensitive Plant" dealing with a similar subject. They arrive at last at the ocean which girds the pole, and beyond it they see a temple, the habitation of the spirits of those who have been great on earth. To this temple "like birds of calm from the world's raging sea," the spirits of Laon and Cythna have come, and Shelley hears from them the story which is detailed in the remaining eleven cantos of the poem.

The old English device of telling everything in the form of a dream was clumsy enough, but I cannot help thinking that Shelley's device for introducing the story of "The Revolt of Islam" is more so. If a story is worth telling it requires no introduction; if it is not worth telling it had better not be told.

ROBERT BLAKE.

## THE RUSTIC SEAT.

Here in this quaint old corner,  
Beneath the chestnut tree,  
The ancient rustic seat is placed,  
From which I used to see  
The drifting clouds at even  
Float slowly over me.  
A gap among the branches,  
Lay open to the sky,  
Through which the glorious sunset glow  
With dusky shades would vie,  
Until the heavens shone radiant,  
In ever varied dye.  
And wrapt in mute suspension,  
From the old rustic seat,  
I watched the little clouds flit by,  
As though the angel feet  
Cast shadows on the pavement  
Of the celestial street.  
Then when the light had faded,  
And calmly into blue  
The many-tinted clouds resolved,  
That steadfast changeless hue—  
Peace, past all understanding,  
Lay symbol'd to my view.  
The ev'ning's wondrous splendour,  
The holy calm of night,  
Revealed their secrets, till I learned  
To read with new delight  
That mystic book, the heavens,  
Where God alone doth write.  
Could I have nobler study?  
Knowledge is surely grand,  
But what avails it should I know  
Each work of human hand?  
Yet pass eternal beauty,  
Failing to understand.

BENJAMIN GEORGE AMBLER.

We have received and will shortly notice the following:—

"Poems," third series, by T. Sykes (*Whittaker & Co.*) "The Resurrection and other Poems," by F. Atkinson (*Skeffington*). "Poems and Lyrics," by R. Nicoll (*A. Gardner*). "Poems," by F. W. H. Myers (*Macmillan & Co.*) "Watching for the Dead," by Faith Chilton (*Provost & Co.*) "Drifting," by the Hon. W. Trevor Kenyon (*Skeffington*). "A Grey Cloud," by H. Hopkins. "Life's Voyage," by C. Sanger (*Nisbet & Co.*) "Angels and Men," by Wellen Smith (*Nisbet & Co.*) "Life and Poem," by Joseph Gwyer (*Robinson*). "Songs and Popular Chants," by J. R. McClymont. "The Nuns of Minsk," by R. Blake (*Remington*). "Zella and other Poems," by C. P. Craig (*Hodder & Stoughton*). "The Homopariad," by R. Luthmos (*Weldon & Co.*) "Fitful Flashes of the Mind," by E. F. Carrell, of the Jersey Express. "Tattered Banners," by E. J. Kelly (*W. W. Gardner*). "The Legend of St. Christopher," by M. E. Shipley (*W. Poole*). "Lazy Lays," by W. H. Harrison (*Harrison*). "Songs for Silent Hours," by Lucy A. Bennett (*Mack*). "Essex," a Play, by D. C. D. Campbell (*Williams & Norgate*).

### CORRESPONDENCE.

A. A. (Windermere.)—In many respects the poems to hand are good. "The Boys I Love to Greet" is, however, marred by a certain comical ring in the refrain; while the "Song" is unsuitable, on account of its subject being the coming of Spring, and also from the constant repetition of lines. At the same time we would express our approval of the pretty conceits, and the melody contained in both the poems; and have much pleasure in quoting a stanza from that dedicated to Spring for the benefit of our readers:—

"We shall meet her in the valleys,  
Singing there for very glee;  
Find her both in shine and shadow,  
Sporting on the verdant lea—

In her lap a wealth of flowers watered by the early dew:

Oh! how lovely is the Spring-time, ever beautiful and new."

"A Birthday Souvenir" by L. K.—We have received a pretty little poem bearing the above title from a young lady correspondent, and have much pleasure in extracting the following lines:—

"Twelve months again have flown away,  
And now returns thy natal day;  
'Tis not the time of roses fair  
Which scent the calm soft summer air.  
But dreary nights are closing in—  
Wind and rain their battle win,  
Scattering leaves to the wintry blast,  
Sweeping away all scenes of the past.

B. B. S.—For first-rate matter we are, of course, willing to pay.

Reuben.—Yes. A friend has offered a prize of Five Guineas for the best narrative poem, six to ten pages of print. We shall publish particulars in our next issue.

Hopeful.—You must make the Art your careful study. Much may be accomplished by practice and perseverance. Chatterton still lives in his works.

Cose.—We will submit your advice.

A. B.—There is no entrance fee charged to contributors.

Alice.—Swift received £300 for his "Gulliver's Travels." Hannah Moore £40,000 for her selected works. Lord Byron £20,000. Sir Walter Scott £40,000. Victor Hugo 400,000 francs for "Les Misérables," whilst to come down to more modern times, Tennyson is reported to have realised £300 for the sonnet which appeared a short time back in a leading contemporary.

R. S. G.—We have no recollection of having received your MSS. Please send title and particulars.



N. B., C. L., P. A., and many others who have been most indefatigable in their applications, need no longer feel surprised at not inducing us to reply. Let them send stamps.

Will authors of the following send stamped directed envelope, when we will write them. "Remember Me," by W. S.; "Emmets," by E. J. K.; "My First Love," by G. M. L. (Woodford); "Marie Baptiste," by Anon; "The Warrior," by E. A. S. (Penge); "Three Lives," by R. S. G. (Chorley); "True to his Name," by A. S.; "Coaching in the Song," by Miss W.; "Anthony Turret," by S. P. W.; "The Heir," by J. P. S.; "Dialogue," Doctor. Mother and Son, by Anon; "Hephizibah," by S. P. W.; "Our Trip to Normandy," by A. L. C.; "A Dream," by J. C. (Surbiton); "Change," by W. C. H.; "The Four Seasons," by E. W.; "Smoke," by A. M. S.; "Wooing in Olden Days," by Miss L. (Notting Hill); "Irene," by C. A. Pritchard; "Episodes of the Crimean War," by M. V. J.; "Faithful Loves," by C. D.; "The Voices of the Bells," by Adah; "Tale of Life," by M. E. B.; "For Love or Money," "Jean and Marie," by J. A. L.; Alice W., H. A. (Baker-street), K. M. C., "Mardyke Hall," by A. B. J.; "Two Days in a Life," by A. B. C.; "Le Saut du Loup," by Mrs. S.; "A Night at the Fountain," by J. C. B.; "Lines on a Country Village," by H. M. G.

### NOTICE.

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